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In connection with this announcement, it may be mentioned that the rapidly increasing business of this Establishment renders it absolutely necessary that a very considerable Enlargement of the Premises should forthwith be made; and we may further state that plans are already in course of preparation by which the business capabilities of the Establishment will be augmented to almost double their present extent.

In accordance with these plans, a New Building, of large dimensions, is to be erected in immediate contiguity with the present premises; and this will enable us to carry our intentions into full and satisfactory effect.

In acknowledging the confidence with which we have hitherto been favoured in so unlimited a degree, we would respectfully announce that, under the circumstances to which we have alluded, the regular Stock, irrespective of the vast purchases which have been made for the occasion in almost every market, will, in anticipation of the projected changes, be dealt with in regard to the scale of prices in a manner altogether and entirely exceptional.

We trust we may regard as superfluous any observations declaratory of the fact, that no goods of inferior quality have been admitted into the stock for the purposes of this sale. The buyers have, on the contrary, been careful to procure from the most approved markets, only such as are of the first quality; whilst the prices assigned to them will, doubtless, commend themselves in an almost unprecedented manner to those who are desirous of obtaining their supplies from the most economical sources.

In corroborating the bona fide character of this statement, we would appeal to the fidelity with which our former announcements have been carried out; and we will only add that all who may be pleased to visit the establishment will find, for the reasons we have indicated, that the quotations are at once attractive, surprising and unparalleled.

Full List of Prices and particulars of the Sale, occupying nearly two columns, will be found in the *Examiner* of Saturday last.

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MISS NELLY MOORE.

WITH a painful mixture of grief and incredulity, we write an epitaph we hoped we never should. All loves are short, and theatrical loves are shortest of all; nevertheless, we feel sure that our feelings will be shared by many hearts in Manchester, which were accustomed to think of the bright, fresh face of their old favourite as of a light shining on another sphere, and of her simple voice as of a strain of music singing in another world. It must have been with startling sorrow and surprise they heard that they would never see again that pleasant presence—so different from all the rest—so cheerful and so homely—such a relief to the eyes, amidst the gilding and the gas—that came upon the stage's sultry garishness like a refreshing breeze. It is hard to believe that early, lingering, and painful death has been the lot of that which seemed so happy, bright, and young. But it has been. The fresh face is dust, the gentle voice is hushed, the song is silenced, and the light is quenched. Premature doom has taken—as it always does—the fairest and the best. Seeing amongst the stage's crowd one face more comely, one heart more true, one life more honest than the rest, the vulture has swooped down on it, and carried it away. A little more clay was wanted for the earth; it mattered not to earth what made it; but death must needs select one of sight's brightest treasures to supply it, and crumbles up a beauty's face to gain a little dust.

Placed on the stage a child of fourteen years, from then till now—ten years—with growing power, and more and more success, Miss Nelly Moore laboured, day by day, and night by night, at the arduous task to which she was so early set. Our own town was the scene she first adorned; since then, in London, her fresh face has shone amongst the faces there, like an English amongst French. Now, with a crowd of conquests and a troop of trophies, but with a greater crowd of capabilities unexercised, and a larger troop of talents uncalled-forth, she has been removed both from the stage's world and the world's stage, at barely twenty-four. After playing for more than one hundred consecutive nights an exhaustive part in a mad melodrama, early in December she fell ill; and she has died a slow and suffering death. We shall not see her face again; its last appearance has been made; it is now a thing of the past. Theatrical farewells are seldom final, but they are sometimes.

A death like this is not a death to trumpet and parade; a life like this is not a life in memory of which to raise a marble monument. And yet, for a girl of fourteen years to carry into the very thick of the fiercest and strongest temptations in the world a peerless share of God's most glorious and dreadful gift—and after ten years' travel through them, to emerge and die in honour and good fame—is a a prouder achievement than the paltry feats of one-half History's heroes. Less grievous deaths are mourned with pomp and pride, and marble monuments commemorate far less heroic lives. The dead are always praised; but it is seldom that an actress gets the sort of praise that Nelly Moore has got. A better epitaph than admiration is respect. We do not know what county has the right to claim her for its own; but in respect of early training and our olden love, our own may surely say—the part she died whilst playing was the part she played whilst living, that—to use the words last spoken to her on the stage—of a "good and true-hearted *Lancashire Lass.*"

We, here in Manchester, shall always joyfully remember our young actress—and we only; for we only knew her. London saw her genius, but London did not see the bloom of that extraordinary beauty which was Nelly Moore. The last part she played in Manchester was that of an imaginary namesake who was *Lost in London*, and who died there. With that character we cannot help connecting her; and it was in reference to it that she addressed her last words to a Manchester audience—words which have since acquired a sad significance—whose prayer shall surely be complied with:—

> And when you think of NELLY, I implore
> That you will kindly think of Nelly Moore.

MR. HALLE'S CONCERTS.

HAYDN'S CREATION: RIES: HUMMEL: BEETHOVEN: AND MOZART.

THE *Creation* resembles the *Messiah* in the solid foundation which it rests upon in the popular favour. It stands, like a nobly-proportioned building, amidst the revolutionary movements of later musical thought. It is very admirable to notice the conscientious and legitimate art with which Haydn produces his most sublime effects, compared with the meretricious trickery of some modern composers. It is almost too dreadful to imagine an oratorio on the subject of the creation written in the style of the *Grand Duchess*. It would be like drinking milk punch out of a font. The idea of Chaos would be entrusted to the trombones, and the conflict of elements and explosion of unruled forces would consist of a mixture of first violins and marine gun shots. Haydn resorts to no extravagant means, and yet he keeps the mind in awful suspense, and surprises it with glorious relief. Now and then, from out of the deadly darkness, a voice rises, and flutters, and sinks back again, like an imprisoned spirit; and then that mighty outburst of splendour, "And there was light," reveals, like the opening of a curtain, the lovely new world, and we almost feel ourselves then first called into existence. With all the spiritual freshness and exuberance of Spring does Haydn sing this new created world. In worship and in wonderment we fold our hands closer and closer, as we rise with him through each successive musical revelation and join the celestial choir. This is the triumph of art: not to BE ecstatic, but to be the imperceptible means of inspiring ecstacy. The band and the chorus did their work excellently, but the solos were not invariably faultless. Mr. Vernon Rigby's voice and style are more adapted for salon music than for oratorio. The powerful orchestra dwarfs his voice, and his pronunciation is far from distinct. Mr. Santley has not the disadvantage of insufficient voice, and he duly delighted his audience. But he indulged himself in little alterations of the notes set down by the composer. We are accustomed to submit to the occasional ornamentation of songs by singers of good taste; but improvising upon the design of a great master has not yet been included in the privileges of artists even of Mr. Santley's rank. We should like to see (we speak satirically), a painter, however great, attempt to improve upon a Raphael or a Titian. Some pictures have been disfigured in this way for generations, until a greater artist arose in the person of a simple picture cleaner, and restored them. It is not in good taste to engage the listener's admiration with the beauty of the original composition, and then to bid for an extra round of applause by exhibiting some individual feat. Of course the crowd is easily taken in, and if Mr. Santley

could combine a summersault and catching the music book in the air with a high chest note, we will not venture to predict the amount of enthusiasm he would excite. Miss Poyntz is gifted with an agreeable voice, and she sings with simplicity and taste. But her manner wants fire to relieve it from the monotony which her uniform gentleness suggests. Her want of power for such a large room might, in some places, be counterbalanced by more discretion on the part of the orchestral accompaniment. For instance, in the lovely air, "With verdure clad," the accompaniment was much too loud. Listeners in the middle of the room are better able to judge of the general effect than those nearer the orchestra. A painter now and again retires a few paces to view his work from the point of an imaginary observer, and is then able to correct the inharmonies of the artist. But painting sound is more difficult, and experience has to grope its way slowly. The choice and proper proportion of instruments form, perhaps, the most important consideration in securing the sensuous part of musical enjoyment. Towards the end of the oratorio we were much disturbed by the stream of people leaving the room. Why are there not more exits? That architect will carry away the palm who builds a room in which entrance and exit will be equally facile and noiseless—a row of exits on both sides to be opened from within, or reserved trap-doors under every seat to allow people to collapse gently after tapping with the foot, like the Ghost in *Hamlet*.

The thirteenth concert commenced with Weber's overture to *Oberon*. It is so richly melodious that it always pleases if it does not do more than please. The overture of Ries is a remarkable piece of music. It makes us totter between delight and doubt, between surprise and disappointment, so that we hardly come away with any one distinct impression. At the beginning we seem to see the talented composer mounting his Pegasus, but guided by his god-like master Beethoven. The noble animal strives onwards to the land of the ideal as long as he feels the commanding eye of this master fixed upon him. But as soon as he loses sight of him he plunges, and rears, and kicks, and at last we hear the clattering of his hoofs on the pavement, not of Olympus, but of some homely city of the earth. It was an interesting performance, but a trifle too long. The next orchestral work was Mozart's Symphony in C major. In spite of the interval, the first movement suffered in consequence of fatigue on the part both of performers and audience. But the incomparable Andante, and the minuet, with its bewitching trio, charmed us as much as ever. Mr Halle played Hummel's Concerto in A flat in such a manner as to show it in its very best and fullest light. Hummel's classical style, ornamented with all the brilliancy which the piano admits, forms almost a style of its own. Neither diving into the depths of passion, nor giving way to vanity in the exhibition of skill, he represents a dignified prince of the blood in the domain of music. He moves in courtly life, where elegance and refinement constitute the natural breath, where commonplaceness is not tolerated under any disguise. Mr. Halle played the work with evident sympathy. It is a perfect panorama of beauty, and, like a panorama, it excites, rather than satisfies, the listener. It is certainly too long for a modern audience, and there is no reason why the movements should not be given separately. The appearance of Mdlle. Tietjens created emotions not at all unlike the emotions intended by Mdle. Schneider, in the *Duchess of Gerolstein*. The tribunal of decency and of taste may sanctify such a toilette. We only venture to express our sympathy for such a precious voice, and our fear lest such careless exposure should endanger its fibre. She was heartily applauded, especially in those songs which call forth all her unrivalled fulness of voice. The two delightful songs of Schumann again won the heart of the audience. The first one, called "Der Nusabaum," is so fragile that it is easily spoilt by the accompanist. It requires Mr. Halle's tender and delicate touch to present it in all its daintiness. The Bagatelles of Beethoven (only he could call them so) are full of wit and humour, and were perfectly interpreted by Mr. Halle. After this we made our escape. A valse, by Bevignani, was to follow.

We are obliged to defer, until next week, our remarks on Messrs. Forsyth's concert and the Rossini Commemoration.

ENGRAVING AND PRINTSELLING.

LINE engraving, in this country, is defunct. It was well that it should die for, although great things were done by it in its prime, it came to disregard its proper function—in figure subjects especially—and instead of translating its original—painting or drawing—in as clear and unobtrusive a manner as might be, it took airs upon itself; became ambitious and devoted its time and energies to the making a dazzling display of itself; looking upon its original as nothing more than a theme whereby it might show to the world its dexterity in the management of line, cross-hatching, and elongation of dot. The result was painful: a laborious, conceited, weak and expensive piece of work. You couldn't get the master's thought, except in a dim far off way, or even his notions of texture, by means of it. The only thing you got in perfection was the translator's elaborated opinion of himself. Line engraving deserved to die, but might not have died so quickly had not two rivals sprung up to supplant it. Wood engraving was its first rival. Wood engraving had been growing in strength from the time of Bewick. Bewick's pupils gave greater strength to it, and, about thirty years ago, it bared its arm and swiftly swept the field of book illustration clear of line engraving. Since then wood engraving has reigned in its stead. Its other rival sprung up about five and twenty years ago, in this wise:—

Landseer is, perhaps, the most popular painter of modern times. His class of subject is not beyond the range of the smallest or most uncultivated intellect. But his genius is of the highest order. He is a poet on canvas and consummate master of his materials; consequently, he is greatly thought of by the best intellects in Britain. He delights all classes, and is, therefore, in the full meaning of the term, popular. Well, during the railway mania, numbers of people were suddenly hoisted to the surface; people that began their career as navvies, cartwrights, and such like, became rich. Watchmakers and jewellers were in demand; and Painters would have been but for the shrewdness of these energetic contractors. They knew that they knew nothing about pictures, and hardly liked to pay two or three hundred pounds for a thing the value of which they had no means of ascertaining; and sagaciously determined that, rather than run the risk of buying a bad picture, they would be content with proof engravings from pictures that pleased them. "A good engraving is better than a bad painting" thought they—and wisely. There was the demand; it was the publisher's business to furnish the supply. Landseer was the favourite of course. The thing needed was to produce engravings as speedily as possible, and on a large scale too; for new-fledged wealth likes everything to be handsome—that is, big. So the mixed style of engraving was adopted; etching in line and dot, line engraving, stipple, and machine ruling; anything and anyhow, no matter, so long as the effect was got. The effect was got, and quickly; and Landseer's wonderful execution was admirably translated in this way. A great business was done. Frame-makers flourished and plate-glass was in great demand. Meanwhile, a lucky thing had befallen. Cousins had sometime previously engraved Landseer's *Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time* in mezzotint; a kind of engraving that won't allow of a very great number of

good impressions from the plate. The dead swan was a marvel of execution. Fine impressions were much sought after, and the price rose to something like 50 guineas. The printsellers, as men of business, made good use of that event; talked fluently of proof impressions of Landseer's plates increasing rapidly in price. "Looked at as an investment merely, you couldn't have a better." It is to be hoped they may increase in price, but, during the lapse of 20 years or so, we have never heard of any others being at a premium.

Then, again, as men of business, publishers only thought of selling. The great consideration with them was to get their prints up to have what they called "a good shop-window effect;" and this they continually dinned into their engraver's ears, so that by and by the engravers thought of little else. Now a shop-window effect means, of course, something that will strike the eye enough to make passers-by exclaim, "my eye!" The engraver did his best by means of sparkling lights, sparkling darks, and breadth of gloom. The next thing was to get a paper that would suck up the ink well and bring off a brilliant impression. To do that they got a very thick, spongy paper; so thick, and poor in texture that should you happen to bend it it will break; and as powdered starch is used to fasten down the India paper, and as the spongy paper is prone to absorb moisture, and as rooms are often heated, all that is needful for vegetation is provided; so by and by it isn't wonderful, though it may strike the purchaser as such, that your fine India proof, which cost you as it hangs say sixteen guineas, has an eruption of something like the measles.

The publishers hit upon another brilliant, and this time quite novel, idea. Generally speaking, in selling a thing, you show it and state the price: but any fool can do that. The publishers were not fools whatever they were; so they showed the original picture only, and took their orders for engravings from it; and finding that answer they sent the picture all over the country in charge of a young man of good address with a gift of the gab. He didn't need to know anything of the merits of the picture; all he had to do was to talk about it, and, if it happened to be of a religious subject, to show an acquaintance with the scriptures and speak in a subdued tone; if of a sporting subject, to be a little horsey in his talk. The same young man would do for either speculation. This kind of thing is carried so far that some engravings are not copied from the original picture at all, but copied from a copy, so that the engraver has but a very poor chance of success. One of the best of our preraphælite painters has suffered materially in reputation by this mode of doing business. Sometimes the picture is not shown by daylight; no matter how bright the day, nor how good the light. The room is darkened; all is dark except the picture, which is brilliantly lighted with gas. But generally they are poor pictures that are shown in this way, and we needn't tell the readers of the *Sphinx* that there is mystification in this kind of business, and wherever there is mystification there is humbug.

Before concluding, it is only fair to say that the engravings after Landseer bear all the signs of having been copied from the pictures themselves; but he is not the kind of man likely to allow any publisher to take liberties with his reputation. And that the thanks of the community are due to Mr. Henry Graves for a number of very superior engravings published by him. But we have to blame all publishers alike for the bad quality of the paper in use. Finally, that the line engravers of England carried their art to the highest point it ever reached. Doo's *Nature*, after Sir Thos. Lawrence; some of Turner's large Landscapes, engraved under his own superintendence; and, in Book illustration, the vignettes to Rogers's *Italy* and *Poems* are the high water mark of line engraving; they were never equalled before, nor are they ever likely to be surpassed.

THE REV. W. KIRKUS, LL.B.

[LONGSIGHT INDEPENDENT CHAPEL.]

ON the left of the Stockport Road, and almost facing the entrance to Victoria Park, is the Longsight Independent Chapel. It is a stone building of some architectural pretensions. The style is Gothic, the porch, formed by lofty arches, is surmounted by two spirelets, and round its walls the ivy has crept in a very pleasant fashion. The church was founded in 1842, and the present building was erected in 1853. It is capable of seating 800 persons, and its interior arrangements are neat and elegant. Judging from outward appearances, it is a quiet sheepfold suggesting a flock orderly and tranquil. But churches, in this matter, are as deceptive as homes, and about this one there is a sad story to tell of strife and dissension, were we disposed to enter into it. For a considerable time it has been a flock without a shepherd, with the usual results attending such a state of things. Of the rights or wrongs of the quarrels which led to the loss of the Rev. Watson Smith (a rough diamond indeed, but one of the first water) or of his successor, we have no desire to write, even had we acquainted ourselves with them; but there are a few general causes for such things which it may not be undesirable to note, and it is for this reason only that we allude to them.

The form of church government among the Congregationalists approaches more nearly the republican than that of any other religious body. The churches are self-formed, self-sustained, and self-governed. The pastor is the servant of the church, and is appointed or dismissed at pleasure, except where there are special covenants to the contrary. The system has many and undoubted advantages, but there are counterbalancing evils. Congregations, like individuals, have often marked characteristics, and it is not unusual to find a church, or deacons, or it may be some wealthy patron, endeavouring, in a self-willed manner, to rule the pastor. If he should happen to be one who has not been cast in a strong mould, he may have but a sorry time of it. Poor human nature is weak at the best, and the love of precedence and power will often display itself in the holiest exercises; a thing to be regretted all the more because of the mischief done to true religion, by its enemies, seeing in their strife, arguments against it. The best results in congregational church government are to be met with where the pastor is strong enough to take up and maintain a position which places him at the head of his church, and where the congregation have sense enough to acknowledge and submit to his rule as spiritual guide. To this complexion the Longsight Church seems to have come at last. It has had the reputation of having a will of its own; it has now chosen as its pastor a gentleman who, on entering on his pastorate, distinctly and decidedly informed his congregation that he also had a will of *his* own, which would not brook interference. As far as we know, the Church has placed itself upon good behaviour and has submitted. Let us hope that, as—

> The old order changeth giving place to new,

the happiest consequences may attend this altered condition of things.

The Rev. W. Kirkus, LL.B., was, we believe, a student in the Lancashire Independent College, graduated at London University, was co-pastor with Dr. Liefchild, at Craven Chapel, and has latterly been pastor of a church in London. Such portrait or sketch of him as we have to offer is the result of two sittings and sufficient only in its study to give a few broad and general outlines of his character as a preacher. It may be objected that a sermon or two cannot be accepted as a criterion of a preacher's power or ability, any more than a brick may be taken as a sample of a house, but if a Greek moulding or cornice is shown to us as a fragment of a building we may conclude that, if the architect is consistent, the style of the whole will be Gothic. So also enough may be gathered from a sermon to indicate the tone and character

of the mind which produced it. Mr. Kirkus's appearance in the pulpit is scholarly and impressive. The clear, strong face, with the high forehead, suggest firmness of will and intellectual power. The scholarly effect is heightened by his wearing the gown of his degree—an unusual thing in a dissenting pulpit. His voice is clear and sonorous, and he reads with considerable emphasis. That he is not inclined to follow the old forms of dissenting worship is evidenced in his prayers, which contain gems selected from those of the Church of England, and are, on the whole, simple, forcible, and appropriate. Among Congregational preachers one often meets with men who are charged with the taint of heterodoxy. Nevertheless, if the congregation and preacher suit each other, this may pass unchallenged, even if it should almost shade off into Unitarianism. As a rule, we prefer the preachers who are deemed heterodox, not for the heresy's sake, but because we have usually found such men to be inquiring spirits, with more or less originality, and mostly with considerable sincerity and earnestness in their composition. Before a man can deal truthfully with the problems of existence, it would seem to be necessary that he should first go out into the wilderness of doubt and temptation, to be tried and strengthed. Your strong troubled soul who, like the Ancient Mariner, can say to his less thoughtful hearers :—

> Oh! Wedding guest! this soul hath been
> Alone on a wide, wide sea;
> So lonely 'twas that God himself
> Scarce seemed there to be,

has generally a tale to tell that is worth the hearing. Among his brethren the Rev. W. Kirkus is numbered with the heterodox, mainly, we believe, for some peculiar views relative to the atonement, though for this we will not vouch, in the absence of any oral vidence. He is, unmistakeably, a brilliant, powerful, subtle, and original thinker, and deals with his congregation as a divinity professor would with his class.

The sermons we heard were eloquent, lucid, and logical, the Socratic mode of arriving at the truth being often used with considerable effect. His style of delivery is forcible and impassioned. There is no studied effect, or striving after it. The preacher is absorbed in his subject, and does not deal with it as something apart from himself. Like an earnest man, he seems to have cleared his mind of cant, and is, therefore, intollerant of it in his hearers. We heard him say some very severe things respecting cant phrases and notions of a negative kind concerning heaven, arguing earnestly for a kingdom of heaven upon earth, interrogating his hearers the while on the matter, and exposing the unconscious hypocrisy of those who professed to hold it as a desirable place beyond this, and yet endeavoured to stay out of it as long as possible.

That he possesses a mind which has grappled and struggled with the great questions that agitate the religious world at the present time, we had proof in his sermon on miracles. With a logical acumen that let slip no link in the evidence, he placed before his hearers the proofs and arguments upon which he based his belief in miracles as the groundwork of the Christian faith. It is not to our purpose here to give an outline of the discourse, or to express any opinion upon points of theological controversy, but in combating the views on miracles held by scientific men, such as Professor Huxley, and in opposing the deduction of the Comtean school of positive philosophy, he displayed a subtlety and originality of thought that placed him, in our estimation, far above the average of preachers. He has a way of putting truths to his hearers that is both telling and startling, and there is no stronger proof of his earnestness and power as a thinker, than the fact that, when uttering some profound thought, he seems possessed with the truth he is endeavouring to shape into words. We should say that there is little humour in his constitution, save of a grim or sarcastic kind. Now and then he indulges this in a manner which shows that he has formed his own estimate of his hearers, and possesses no small knowledge of the psychological part of human nature. In addition to his reputation as a preacher, he has gained some fame as an author. He has published two volumes of essays of a miscellaneous kind, and also a religious novel, styled *Frederick Rivers, Independent Parson.*

The service at the chapel is in keeping with the preaching. It is intelligently rendered with the aid of a vigorous choir, and an organ of considerable power and flute-like sweetness of tone. The usual hymnology of the Independents is varied by a selection of anthems and chants, many of them taken from the service of the Church of England.

THE PHOTOGRAPHERS' WINDOWS.

SOME time since we alluded to the incongruous position to which photographic portraits are frequently assigned with reference to each other in shop windows, and to the absurdity of finding Mr. Bazley, M.P., labelled as Mr. Charles Mathews, the Comedian. It is not in accordance with the proprieties and affinities to find the late Ada Isaacs Menkin supported on each side by dignitaries of the church, or the Right Rev. the Bishop of Manchester in very doubtful company, or portraits of Anonyma, of the Holborn Casino, between the Princess of Hesse and the Princess Louise. The art of what is technically called window-dressing with photographers does not seem to have attained that perfection which may be seen in the haberdashers' and silk mercers' shop windows in Saint Ann's Square. A long line of ogling French actresses, in something more or less than low dresses, becomes decidedly monotonous; and there is nothing particularly pleasing in the fantastic coiffure of Miss Lydia Thompson, who has just married her second husband; or the dishevelled heads of a lot of other artistes whose merits in the flesh, when before the public, are supposed to consist in their nether limbs. We must own, however, to a feeling of pleasure and satisfaction in contemplating the modest countenance of Miss Furtado, and the honest face of Miss Kate Terry.

A few days since we encountered a well-known shop, adorned with a goodly number of photographs, and were surprised to find not a single actress among them. Let us take our stand before it and see what they are. On the extreme left is a portrait of His Worship the Mayor, in his usual round morning coat. This photograph differs little from the numerous portraits of Mr. Grave; and we are glad to observe that, on assuming office, he has not shaved off his beard A beard harmonizes well with the long robe which the Mayor wears on state occasions, and a closely-shaven person in a long gown can never bear comparison with one who wears his natural adornment, and is in other respects equal. Look at the Greek Patriarch in his gaberdine and flowing beard. There is no priest or parson in this city who can for a moment compare with him in gravity and dignity of appearance. Next to the Mayor's photograph is an excellent one of Mr. Hugh Birley, M.P. It is odd how soon public curiosity is supplied with the effigy of any one who suddenly comes into notice. Behind Mr. Birley, and looking decidedly askance at him, is Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., as much as to say "what are *you* doing here?" Then comes a likeness of the Premier, and, judging from the expression of his countenance and the glare of his eye, we should not like to be the M.P. whom he is about to demolish in debate. Mr. Gladstone divides the brothers Bright, which he is not at all likely to do in the House of Commons. The snowy locks of the President of the Board of Trade have softened the former severe expression of his face, and in the portrait before us he might be sitting sideways at table, cracking filberts and appreciating a glass of 1834 port. Next to our Rt. Hon. Friend is the shrewd old physio-

nomy of Earl Russell, with a kind of chuckling sly expression on it, as if he had just been writing one of his letters that would play the deuce with somebody. Passing over a tremendously solemn and portentous portrait of Mr. Bazley, we come upon the worn and faded features of the ex-Premier. Who, to look at that weary looking face, would think that this is "Disraeli the Younger," pronounced by Lady Blessington to be the handsomest man of his time? We can well believe it. Dizzy was a handsome man when he presided at the Athenæum "swarry" in 1844, and Chalon's portrait of him at nineteen years of age, prefixed to *Coningsby*, gives one an idea of a kind of Hebrew Apollo. Times are changed since Vivian Grey, Prince Louis Napoleon, of St. James's Street, Zanoni, and others, were in the habit of meeting at Gore House in the D'Orsay epoch.

But whom have we here? It looks like Mr. Leresche, the barrister, but it isn't, and turns out to be Mr. John Hick, M.P. for Bolton, and an uncommonly good-looking man Mr. Hick, M.P. for Bolton, seems to be, judging from his portrait. Passing Mr. Hick we come upon a perpendicular line of royal personages. Here is the Princess of Wales, looking pretty and amiable as usual, standing in a short velvet walking dress at the door of the Lodge at Abergeldie. By her side is an incongruous portrait of the Heir-Apparent, seated, and dressed in a black frock coat and white waistcoat, with an open volume before him which he is *not* reading. Underneath is Prince Humbert, of Italy, who, young as he is, can already show the scars of battle. Below him are the Empress Eugenie, with her drooping eyelids, a spruce portrait of Napoleon III., and another of the Imperial Prince, in a knickerbocker velvet suit, apparently, as Hamlet says, "a very noble youth." Next to this group is Isabella, the ex-Queen of Spain, looking coarse, sensual, and fat. Now we encounter a group of Imperial Muscovites: first, the round, bullet head, bold features, and broad shoulders of the Czarewitch, and, beside him, his bride, young and fresh, "a lass unparalleled," who might be anything from an empress to a milkmaid. Here, too, is the Grand Duke Constantine, with a glass in one eye, looking cross, raffy, and rakish; and here is Alexander himself, whose benevolent face is the index of his mind.

Taking leave of royalty, we find ourselves among a body of diplomatists, some of whom remind us strongly of Mr. Hare, the actor, in his character of Lord Ptarmigan. Having got through the diplomatic body, we find ourselves among the poets and novelists; among others, the author of *Bells and Pomegranates*, grisled and bearded, and whom no one would recognise as the Robert Browning of twenty years since. Beside him is the American poet, Longfellow, also grey and grizzly, but who, in reality, is as ruddy as a New England farmer. Next we encounter the jolly countenance of glorious old "Epicurus Rotundus," Mr. Mark Lemon, the editor of *Punch*. Beside him sits Mr. Buckstone, in plain clothes, looking even more comical off the stage than on it; and he has for his companion the somewhat melancholy looking Mr. Tom Taylor, supposed to be the original of "George Warrington," and the massive head and rough sensible face of Mr. Anthony Trollope. This brings us round to the starting-point, where we find an airy, jaunty portrait of the first victim of the ballot—Mr. Milner Gibson.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

We understand that, at the termination of the run of the Pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Mr. F. C. Burnand, the dramatic author and burlesque writer, will appear in one or more of his own pieces. It will be remembered that a year ago Mr. Burnand made quite a hit as Captain Crosstree in *Black-eyed Susan*, and, as on the occasion of his former visit, he will be accompanied by one or more efficient actresses.

At the Prince's Theatre we believe it is in contemplation to produce an original drama in three acts, written by a Liverpool gentleman, in which the principal character will be undertaken by Mr. Charles Calvert.

A STRANGE BOOK OF PORTRAITS.

WE have had the privilege of examining a book which would have delighted Lavater more than the most costly edition of *Lodge's Portraits*, or the finest collection of Holbeins. It consists of circulars addressed by governors of prisons to the Secretary of the Manchester and Salford Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society. Each circular forms a brief criminal memoir, with the *carte de visite* of the offender. It appears that, on the discharge of a prisoner, he receives a letter of introduction to an Aid Society. At the same time his portrait, with a chronological account of his public life, is forwarded to the secretary. The information relates to his name and age, the date and place of his conviction, his crime, his sentence, his age on discharge, his height, complexion, and the colour of his hair and eyes, and any other personal attractions peculiar to him, such as moles, scars, deformed thumbs, vaccination marks, and scrofula. This information is pasted in a book, and a kind of poetical justice is rendered to him by the Society on an opposite leaf. There you learn what occupation he sought on his release, the assistance given to him, his conduct since, and general remarks. The photographs are so excellent, the descriptions are so short and trenchant, and there is such a general tone of "and he lived happily ever after" in the farewell remarks, that each criminal would become a complete and striking study if only he had the merit of originality. We turned the first half-dozen pages over quite slowly, and scanned the features of the men, and read every detail of their adventures, and the colour of their eyes, with the proper gradations of indignation, pity, and benevolence. But we soon became quite accustomed to Felony and Arson; and Uttering Counterfeit Coin appeared almost a redeeming virtue by the side of other incivilities. Towards the end of the volume we were not attracted by anything short of a good Burglary, or an amusing instance of Robbery with Violence, and previous conviction. It would be almost too obvious to remark that this proves the danger of contact with crime. We do not forget that these portraits are taken after a degrading confinement of several years when we say that the men, as a class, look ignorant, brutal, irreclaimable. There are, of course, very remarkable exceptions. Again, we notice, that in almost every instance, in which a man's offence, or his previous occupation, was intellectual, we can trace this fact in a certain brightness and firm expression of the face. There are several examples of highly intelligent expression in men guilty of brutal offences; but there is not a single example of brutal expression in a man guilty of an intelligent offence. It is impossible to look through this book without feeling a kind of despair, a kind of anger (not against the poor men), at all this wasted life. But compassion for their punishment is very much modified by the fact that over thirty per cent of them have been previously convicted. It looks as if our prison system erred on the side of mercy.

We find the proportion of various offences towards each other to be as follows:—

Larceny	35	Robbery and Violence	5
Housebreaking	18	Forgery	3
Arson	9	Rape	2
Causing Bodily Harm	9	Various	8
Stealing from the Person	6		
Burglary	5		100

Although, as we have already pointed out, the large majority of men guilty of violent, rather than cunning, offences, have a most abandoned appearance, still there are a sufficient number of exceptions to disprove all ordinary knowledge of physiognomy. We find men, guilty of housebreaking, having a timid and sickly expression of countenance; men, gullty of unlawfully wounding, who must be genial companions in their peaceable

intervals; men, guilty of forgery, whom you would have asked to take care of your cheque-book while you went to pay money into your bank; and men, guilty of rape, who look as if they had grown prematurely old, toiling for an innumerable family. We shall best succeed in giving a general idea of the life of our criminal class by transcribing, literally, some of the cases before us.

A representative of the lowest type of convict to be found in the book is one who, at the age of 23, is convicted of housebreaking, and previous conviction, and sentenced to four years' penal servitude. His height is five feet four inches, and he is broad across the shoulders. His complexion is fresh, and his small grey eyes may be said to be clenched. We should expect to find him brave, and even desperate. His face is quite square, and his light brown hair is liberally greased and made to curl at the side. We have noticed that costermongers, who are not, as a rule, fastidious as to dress, almost invariably pay particular attention to the coiffure, saturating their hair with some kind of grease until it sits close to the head and curls magnificently at the side. The man before us has an expression of hereditary villany. You often hear of men looking like "one of nature's noblemen;" this man looks like "one of nature's housebreakers." His forehead is large and yet contracted, and wrinkled with ignorance. His nose is not designed from any accredited model. We do not know how the master (nature) intended it, for the apprentice (man) seems to have exercised his plastic power upon it and left it unfinished. It is small, but irregular. Indeed, it is hilly. The mouth is large and the lips are thin. We are agreeably surprised to find that he applied to the society for employment as pattern maker. Although, as a rule, it is not advisable to change your profession, exceptional circumstances may arise. The society gave him board, lodging, and clothing, and we are told that he is working and doing well.

Representative of another class, several degrees higher in point of intelligence and of physique, we have selected an Irishman, who was convicted of arson at the age of 30, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. His height is five feet five inches, and his head is disproportionately large for his body. It would be difficult to say which expression predominates in his face, that of cunning or that of humour. It is very easy to recognise both. The large open mouth and the twinkling blue eyes indicate not only humour but good humour, while a peculiar contraction of the eyebrows and a protrusion of the lower part of the face impart a cunning and deceitful air to the man. He was probably a small marine store dealer, whose profits did not keep pace with his ambition, and with that curious combination of insight and short-sight, peculiar to his race, he may charitably be supposed to have set his well-insured stock on fire. On his release, he wished to emigrate, and after boarding, lodging, and clothing him, the society sent him to New York.

In a third class we should rank the case of a mechanic, who is found guilty of stealing at the age of 29, and is sentenced to six years' penal servitude. This kind of man puzzles us the most. It is like hearing of a free-thinking cheesemonger—one cannot understand what business one particular cheesemonger has to be intelligent when all other cheesemongers are stupid, honest, respectable Dissenters. It is much easier to explain the burglary of an ignorant nondescript, or the forgery of an elegant cashier, than the theft of a mechanic, who is practically richer in his fustian than the cashier in his broad cloth. The man before us is short in stature but thickly built. His features are large and coarse, but not unmeaning. It would be difficult to say whether the immovable expression of his features arises from seriousness or sullenness. If we knew nothing about him we should be disposed in his favour. He looks modest and full of patient perseverance. It is impossible to imagine him stealing in order to procure himself luxuries which he could not command honestly. We shall cherish the belief that he disregarded the prejudices of his fellow-creatures in favour of some great but expensive discovery in mechanics, which mankind, in its ignorance, has delayed for six years (penal servitude). The society, as usual, assisted him with board, lodging, and clothing, and records that his conduct since has been good.

The aristocracy of the convict class consists of those mercantile clerks and principals who, having uttered forged acceptances, have been found out. There are some fine subjects for amusing tracts here. But we are afraid that all the young men whose portraits help to fill this dreadful album have not the melancholy satisfaction of looking back upon a career of brilliant dissipation and ducal extravagance. We should not be surprised to hear that most of them got very little pleasure for their subsequent trouble. We have before us the portrait of a handsome young man, who, at the age of twenty-three, uttered an order for money to which he was not entitled, and was sentenced to five years. He is below the middle height, but well proportioned. His features are regular, and moulded, rather than cut. Beyond a certain intelligence, his face only expresses the indolent luxurious nature of the man. We can easily understand how such an one should have taken the shortest way to the attainment of the needful pleasures of life. And yet, perhaps, we speak too confidently. Perhaps we do not speak fairly of all these unhappy men, numbered and described, like the beasts in a menagerie, in this ugly volume. Who wouldn't look vicious and disreputable if his portrait were in it? Supposing you, my dear madam, instead of being photographed in your paints and feathers, and exhibited in a gorgeous boudoir album, were to sit for your likeness as these poor prisoners did. Suppose that your portrait were pasted in this book, with the real truth of your age, the exact colour of your hair, and your exact complexion. What an abandoned character we should all at once detect. What immediate falsehood we should discover in those eyes, to which sonnets have been written. What shocking frailty in that twitching mouth, which has whispered many pardons and one doom. What bigoted stupidity in the narrow forehead, which has been kissed by clever men, as though it were a saintly relic. Or you, my dear sir, you unprincipled, but highly respectable, old wine merchant, suppose that your portrait was amongst them, in the prison dress, and with the prison background. Suppose we were told your real occupation. Suppose we were told your offences, and the number of years you deserve for them. How quickly we should find out that your bland and venerable gaze, to which your wines are far more indebted than they are to themselves, is a dangerous piece of hypocrisy. How very strongly after that your vintage Ports would taste of logwood, and your Madeira of burnt sugar. How very, very respectable you would look.

The more we reflect, the more kindly we shall think of these poor men. How many are there amongst us, O! brothers and sisters, who have sufficient rectitude and strength of character to be able to say, "I should have acted differently in the same circumstances?" And the more we reflect, the more gratefully we shall think of the Society which helps these fallen creatures on to their feet again, and gives them another start on the terribly uneven race-course of existence.

REPRESENTATION OF MANCHESTER.

In the event of Mr. Birley's being unseated for Manchester, and in consequence of the untimely death of Mr. Ernest Jones, we understand that the section of the Liberal party who carried that gentleman at the ballot last week, have it in contemplation to bring out Mr. Abel Heywood as their candidate for the city.

THE PINE TREE.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.]

The pine tree stands lonely, lonely,
In the north land far away;
He slumbers: his head is laden
With winter's sleet and spray.

He dreams, perchance, of a palm tree,
A palm of the eastern land,
Lonely from morn till even
In the burning desert sand.

THE BOTANICAL GARDENS AND THE SABBATH.

IT is a remarkable fact that something or other is always going wrong at Old Trafford. Indeed, there are usually two or three somethings going wrong together. Whether owing to the air, or, more probably, the water, at any rate the locality is a quarrelsome one. For storms in a tea-pot it resembles a small country village. The smallest children make the most noise. Old Trafford makes more than Broughton, Cheetham Hill, and all the other suburbs of Manchester put together. True, these latter have no canal, no Local Board, no Blind Asylum, or Blind Asylum Chapel, and no Botanical Gardens; they are not honoured with much notice from Dr. Crompton; their inhabitants are not all of them members of committees and boards, and obliged, therefore

To bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature to.

And they have no aristocratic and rabbit-loving neighbour to ensnare and murder in cold blood their favourite cats. But still we are superstitious enough to believe, such is the curse upon earth, air, and water in this unhappy district, that were the present houses and inhabitants to be swept away to-morrow, and a new Old Trafford, and new race of Old Traffordites to spring up in their stead, things would go on again just as they do at present—that is, crooked to a degree.

We are induced to make these remarks by a circular which was put into our hands last week, and by the report of a meeting held, in connection with that circular, at the Town Hall, King-street, on Monday. The circular and the meeting were both concerning the "Manchester Botanical and Horticultural Society," or, in plainer language, the Manchester Botanical Gardens. Let us consider for a moment what has been the history of these gardens during the last few years. It is not so very long ago that the usual curse of the locality rested heavily upon them. They were a failure—a failure in management and in funds. Debts grew and multiplied about them. Interest accumulated, and alas! of a wrong sort. Public interest was cold and small enough! Good reason why—the public were carefully excluded. Respectability of the rarest, the highest, the most aristocratic description fenced round the gardens more effectually than the high brick wall. It was "Paradise and the Peri" over again. The outside world, tramping or jogging past the wall on their way to Bowdon, sometimes heard strains of martial music; sometimes stopped for a moment and watched the shareholders, with wives and children gorgeously attired, pass through the iron gates; sometimes cast wistful glances through these said iron gates, and wished a futile wish for entrance,—but never entered in. It was a proud, a happy thought for Grubbem and Hookem,—firm of Grubbem, Hookem, and Co., one of the richest houses in Manchester,—as they shook hands upon the lawn in front of the glass houses, that no empty-pocketed snobs, no impudent young clerks, no seedy middle-class people, could possibly profane the sacred soil with boot plebeian. N.B.—Grubbem's father kept a little shop, and Hookem's raised himself from a wheelbarrow by speculation.

These were, what we may fitly call, the aristocratic days of the Botanical Gardens. Curiously enough, aristocracy nearly ended in bankruptcy. The shares became about as valuable as those of the Great Eastern. Too much of anything is bad, and the gardens, having too strong a dose of respectability, nearly died. We have no liking for statistics, and a horror of dates—so the reader must be content with a general statement of facts. A re-action took place. Reform stept in. The aristocracy male said naughty words; the aristocracy female nearly fainted; but something had to be done, and the plebeian public induced to put their plebeian hands into their plebeian pockets, or the gardens would have come to an untimely end. And so commenced a new *régime*. Subscribers' tickets at a guinea per annum; weekly promenades throughout the summer, to which the public were admitted by payment of a shilling on the introduction of a subscriber; extra gala days throughout Whit-week; flower-shows surpassing in magnitude and taste anything of the sort ever attempted before in this neighbourhood; these wholesome reforms, and others like them, made the poor old gardens young again. For once the curse of Old Trafford seemed to be removed. It had been lived through and conquered, thanks to that rare phenomenon, a committee who listened to and acted upon—common sense; and thanks also to that almost as rare a phenomenon—the right man placed in the right place, and properly supported. We mean, of course, Mr. Findlay.

We have used the past tense throughout the last paragraph, but, in point of fact, this happy state of things exists at the present time, only we confess to a fear—a fear partly to be explained by the superstition alluded to above—that the genius of discord is abroad again. The next best thing after doing well is to let well alone. We hoped that the committee and proprietors of the Manchester Botanical Society, as they had learnt the first lesson, would also learn and practise the second. But now we fear. They have revived an old *causa belli*, touched an old sore, raised a ghost which frightened a good many subscribers to the gardens some years ago, and will infallibly frighten them again. The special motion brought forward at the meeting, last Monday, was this:—

> That on Sundays every member have free admission to the gardens, from 2 o'clock, p.m., to sunset, for himself.....and family,.....and for persons (introduced by members) having no place of abode or business within ten miles from the gardens.

This motion, not being carried by a sufficiently large majority, was ruled by the chairman to be lost. But again we say—we fear.

We are not going to discuss the question from a religious point of view. That there is any harm in taking a quiet walk, on Sunday afternoon, round a garden—whether that garden be close to the walker's house or not—is simply absurd. But we can quite understand that there are many good people who object to the gate-keeper being kept on duty, *i.e.*, in a state of perpetual motion on the "Day of Rest," for the sake of people who have gardens of their own to walk in. And who, we ask, are the people who would have benefitted by the above motion if it had been carried? Almost entirely the well-to-do residents at Old Trafford, who, as a body, enjoy their share of the good things of this world, and can scarcely be regarded as martyrs, even though prevented from smoking their cigars or doing mild flirtations, on Sunday afternoons, under the trees in the Botanical Gardens. It is a notable and most amusing fact, that the promoters of the scheme, on Monday last, utterly repudiated any idea of throwing open the gardens on Sunday *to the public*. One of them, a Mr. Collins said, "he vehemently protested against the assumption that the gardens were proposed to be open to the public. Such a thing was never contemplated. The only proposition was to open them to subscribers." Exactly! To subscribers, who don't require any such additional luxury. There is something to us very snobbish in the motion. We

throw open parks on Sunday for the benefit of those who are working all the rest of the week in factory and warehouse; we angle for a class who are tempted to spend most of their Sunday in beer-house or gin-palace. Offer to throw open the Botanical Gardens to such as these, and the case becomes widely different. As it is, although we care little whether the Old Traffordites walk in their own, or in the Botanical Gardens. We are nevertheless glad that the motion was lost, because it would have redressed no wrong, and would probably have offended as many as it pleased. Indeed, we doubt whether many families would avail themselves of the privilege, even if it was granted them. Setting aside the fact that we don't, as a nation, consider it the thing to walk out on a Sunday afternoon, there is the going to church in the morning and two hours', or thereabouts, spiritual exercise; after which comes the substantial roast beef dinner, and after this again, the moderate glass of port. Then papa spreads his handkerchief over his face and takes a nap, at peace with himself and all the world, while mamma nods over a good book in the drawing-room. Who is there to go to the gardens? Well, Master Charles will go, but only to smoke a cigar and chat with sundry bosom friends, smoking likewise; but, unless under the charge of a staid governess, we rather doubt whether the young ladies will be permitted to accompany or follow him. A Sunday afternoon flirtation may sound very wicked; but it is very possible—nay, even probable, in the Botanical Gardens at Old Trafford. We are simply judging from what occurs there on week days.

We end our sermon by repeating our text:—Good reader, and all ye proprietors of the Manchester Botanical Society, the gardens are prospering,—let well alone!

BOTTLE-NOSED MALES.

THE following correspondence has taken place between Mr. Alexander MacGruel, of Nairn, N.B., and the President of the Board of Refreshments:—

Sir,—I beg to call the attention of your great mind to the subject of bottle-nosed males. Those rubicund excrescences known as bottle noses are on the increase, and, along with the polypi, are proving very destructive to the proboscis and to the general weal of the physiognomy. Chiefly do they frequent the seas in Windmill-street, Booth-street, and the neighbourhood, but are seldom to be seen except at night, and under a strong display of footlights. I beg to suggest that a small (Theatre) Royal Bounty be granted for the destruction of these monsters of the deep stage tankard. Enclosed is a list of bottle noses lately observed in these (brandy and) waters.—I am, Sir, yours,

SAUNDERS MACGRUEL.

Sir,—I cannot conceive it to be within the province of the department over which I preside to make a grant for the purpose you mention. This Board is not aware that bottle-nosed males are inimical to the public (house) interest, and in the seas to which you allude I believe they contribute to the public (drinking of) health. The list of bottle noses enclosed by you I duly note. I am not aware that Mr. Harry Thompson's bottle nose, as shown by him in the characters of Binney and Jacques Strop, were found injurious to any queer fish, and the bottle noses in the pantomimic seas are highly relished by the small fry which at present abound there. The Everill Falstaffian bottle nose is a general favourite. The Clifford Cooperian bottle nose, known as Mine Host of the Garter, and likewise the Bardolphian and Pistolian monsters, so far from being destructive, are found to be very good fare themselves, and conducive to the general health.—I am, Sir, yours,

Board of Refreshments. JAMES LEA.

On receipt of another letter on the same subject, the President directed his secretary to reply that he had received MacGruel's letter of the 16th inst., along with the envelope containing it.

PORK CHOPS.—The pig that ran under the wheel of a cab the other day couldn't have been *rasher*.

THE MANCHESTER BANKS.

A DIFFERENCE has arisen between the Manchester Stock Exchange and three of the Joint Stock Banks—the District Bank, the Manchester and Salford, and the Manchester and County—and the Stock Exchange has, for the last week, ceased to quote their shares in the official list. The facts of the case are, we believe, as follows:—The managers of the banks, actuated by a desire to prevent undue speculation in their shares, and with a view to maintain a strong and substantial proprietary, intimated to some parties who were selling shares, that, if they wished to part with them, the banks could find them purchasers. When a transfer comes in for registration the banks have the power to reject the purchaser, if they do not consider him an eligible shareholder. The Stock Exchange took umbrage at what they consider an improper interference with their business, and accordingly ceased to give quotations or to sanction dealings in the bank shares under the usual rules and restrictions of the "room." Owing to this proceeding the shareholders are ignorant of the value of their property in the open market. This is not a desirable state of affairs, and it is to be hoped that some plan will be devised to put an end to the misunderstanding.

Messrs. Heywood Brothers, and Company, have lately purchased the premises in St. Ann's Square and Half Moon-street, adjoining their bank, which will enable them to enlarge the present building very materially. Increased accommodation will be afforded to the public, as we understand the present office will be almost entirely devoted to the customers and the tellers.

The new and handsome entrance to Brooks' Bank, in Chancery-lane, will shortly be opened. The entrance in King street will be retained. Private banking does not seem to be quite extinct just yet.

The Union Bank is doing a good business at its lately opened branch in Swan-street, Shudehill.

MR. ROBERTSON'S NEW COMEDY.

TWO new comedies, by Mr. T. W. Robertson, have been produced in London within the last fortnight—*Home*, at the Haymarket; and *School*, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. *School* is the greatest triumph of modern dramatic authorship. As to success, even London dramatic critics cannot exaggerate it; and as to merit, it puts Mr. Tom Robertson—whom previous achievements long ago placed at the head of living dramatic authors—out of the pale of comparison altogether. Thoroughly Robertsonian—possessing next to no plot—containing no connected dialogue—it cannot possibly endure; but, as a play *of* the period, and *for* the period, it is of itself quite sufficient to redeem the dramatic talents of the period from disgrace. It is a series of exquisite little bits of poetry, little bits of sentiment, little bits of satire, little bits of pathos, little bits of humour, and little bits of love. The style in which it is acted is simply perfect. Mr. Robertson's thorough knowledge of, at least, the manners and ways of girls, is itself a treat, and renders him peculiarly able to depict a girl's school. As a satirist, too, he is admirable. The following words must have made three-fourths of the women there feel rather warm:—"I don't believe in beauty that is contained in bottles, and put on with a brush. I don't want to marry a plaster cast. I won't have a fresco for a wife. I'll never take a woman whose good looks will come off upon my sleeve, if I touch her before she is dry." This trenchant speech proved one good thing, besides its author's power, namely—that there yet live a few women who are not so lost as to be unable to blush through their paint. To the bays of the wit, and the cypress of the satirist, Mr. Robertson has added—by the musical tenderness of his latest work—the halo of the poet.

MR. ALFRED WATERHOUSE AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

The architect of our Assize Courts and new Town Hall appears to be carrying all before him at the two Universities. At Oxford, he has just completed an extension of Balliol College, producing a picturesque pile of buildings admirably adapted to their purpose. At Cambridge, which had previously been indebted to Mr. Waterhouse for the Union Club, the same architect has designed the new Gonville Court at Caius College, an edifice in the Renaissance style, recalling the chateau at Blois.

ESTABLISHED 1848.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—GREAT SALE AT THE GREAT OUTFIT ESTABLISHMENT,

125 & 127, OLDHAM STREET.

THOMAS PEEL

Takes this opportunity of thanking his patrons and the public generally for their kind support during the twenty years he has been in business, and begs most respectfully to inform them that his

GREAT SALE BEGAN ON TUESDAY, AND WILL BE CONTINUED DAILY,

COMMENCING AT TEN A.M.

The present premises having become too small for a fast and largely increasing trade, T. P. intends to make extensive alterations in February, to facilitate which he intends placing his beautiful Stock, which for magnitude stands unapproachable, at such prices that will be remarkable. Every article will have its original mark (which is always in plain figures) as well as the reduced price, which will be in red ink, which it is hoped will facilitate sales.

T. P. having had 32 years' experience in the Underclothing Manufactures, will be a guarantee for goods worthy of the pre-eminence to which his establishment has attained.

LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

Long Night Dresses, in dozens, half dozens, or singly, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 3d., 2s. 6½d., to 8s. 6d
Ditto, with frills, 2s. 4½d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., to 12s.
Ditto, insertion, 2s. 6½d., 2s 11d., 3s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Ditto, needle work, 2s. 11½d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 20s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., to 60s. each. French and English Designs.

LADIES' CHEMISES.

Plain, 1s. 1½d., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s., 2s. 6d., to 5s.
Frills, 1s. 3½d., 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., to 6s. 9d.
Needle Scollop, 1s. 10½d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 9d., to 8s. 6d.
Fancy Stomacher Fronts, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 20s., 30s., to 50s.

LADIES' CALICO AND TWILL BODIES.

Plain, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 10½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., to 3s. 6d.
Trimmed, 1s. 6d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 15s.

CAMESOLS.

Mull Muslin, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Fancy Fronts, 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 9s. 6., 11s. 6d., 15s., 21s., to 50s.

LADIES' DRAWERS.

Plain and Hem, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 1s. 11d.
Two Tucks, 1s. 2d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., to 2s. 6d.
Ten Tucks, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., to 5s.
Needle Scollop, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 17s. 6d., 21s. to 25s.
Insertion, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., 15s., to 25s.

LADIES' LONGCLOTH PETTICOATS.

With Tucks, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 10s. 6d.
With Insertion, 2s. 11½d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 6s., 8s. 6d., to 60s.
With Flowerings, &c., 4s. 11d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 21s., to 90s.
With Frill, 2s. 11½d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., to 45s.

FLANNEL PETTICOATS.

Lancashire, 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., to 10s. 6d.
Saxony, 6s. 11d., 9s. 11d., 12s., 15s., to 42s.
Coloured Ditto, 5s. 11d , 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 16s. 6d , to 36s.
Silk, Satin, Elder Down, Arctic, and a great variety of Fancy Skirts, at nominal prices.

LADIES' NIGHT CAPS.

		s. d.
Several Hundred French Manufacture		0 4½
Ditto	ditto	0 6½
Ditto	London	0 8½
Ditto	London, with needlework	0 9½
Ditto		1 0
Ditto		1 3
Ditto		1 6 to 2 6
Ditto, Glasgow		2 6 to 12 6
Ditto, Alexandra		10½

Great Variety of Sleeping Nets.

LADIES' DRESSING GOWNS.

Printed Cambrics, 3s. 11½d., 4s. 11d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., to 25s.
Ditto Flannel, 10s. 11d., 15s., 21s., 30s., to 45s.
Ditto Cashmere, 50s., 60s., 80s., to 140s.
White Muslin, 14s. 6d., 18s. 6d., 25s., to 50s.

TOILET.

Flannel Jackets, 7s. 11d., 9s. 11d., to 18s. 11d.
Muslin ditto, 3s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 8s. 11d., 15s., to 30s.
Printed Cambric ditto, 2s. 11d., to 7s. 6d.

LADIES' FLANNEL, MERINO DRAWERS, &c.

White and Scarlet Saxony Drawers	5s 11d.	to	14s. 6d.
Welsh Flannel	6s. 11d.	to	9s. 11d.
Swan Down	4s. 6d.	to	8s. 6d.
Twill	1s. 11½d.	to	7s. 6d.
Merino	4s. 6d.	to	8s. 6d.
Lambs Wool	4s. 6d.	to	8s. 6d.

SINGLETS.

Flannel	3s. 9d.	to	7s. 6d.
Merino Vests	1s. 9d.	to	8s. 6d.
Lambs Wool	2s. 6d.	to	8s. 6d.
Merino Vests and Drawers Complete	8s. 11d.	to	15s.

LADIES' HOSE.

Thread, German make, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 2s. 6d.
Ditto, English ditto, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., to 3s. 6d.
Silk, 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., to 16s. 6d.
Cotton, 6½d., 8½d., 11½d , to 3s. 6d.
Merino, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 5s.
Lambs Wool, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 4s. 6d.
These are from the most celebrated Makers.

BABY LINEN.

Infant Shirts, 3½d., 4½d., 6d., 7½d., 8½d., 10d., 11½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s , 2s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Cotton Binders, 4½d., 6d., 8d., 10d., 1s., to 2s.
Flannel, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 2s. 6d.
Flannel Barrows, 1s. 9d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 3d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., to 25s.
Long Petticoats, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d , 10s., to 15s.
Night Caps, 4d., 6d., 7½d., 10½d., to 5s.
French Cambric Caps, 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., to 15s.
Hair Cord Gowns, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s.. to 10s. 6d.
Calico Night Gowns, 10½d., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s. 6d.
Monthly Robes, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., 15s., 17s. 11d., 21s., to £6 10s. each.

INFANT CHRISTENING DEPARTMENT.

CHRISTENING ROBES, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d , 7s. 6d., 9s. 11d., 15s., 25s., 30s , 40s., 50s., to 160s.
FRENCH MERINO CLOAKS, braided, quilted, and trimmed, all of great beauty, 3s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s., 18s. 6d., 21s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 60s., 90s., to 170s.
BEAUTIFUL HOODS and HATS, in CASHMERE, silk velvet and felt, 1s. 4½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d , 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., 12s. 6d., 15s., to 30s.
SILK and VELVET BONNETS, 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., 4s., 5s., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., to 15s.
90 Dozen White Brussells and other Falls, 4½d., to 21s.
Quilted Bibs, 3d., 4d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 6s. 6d.

SHORT CLOTHES.

Round Shirts, 5½d., 6½d., 7d., to 8½d., 10½d., 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s. 6d.
Stays, 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 2s. 11d.
Calico Petticoats, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Flannel ditto, 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 10s. 6d.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT.

Chemise, Banded, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 5s.
Ditto, Fancy Fronts, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s , to 15s.
Tucked Petticoats, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 15s.
Flannel ditto, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., to 8s. 6d., to 18s.
Drawers, 10½d., 1s , 1s. 3d., 1s. 11d., to 10s. 6d.

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

Day Shirts, 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s. 6d.
Night ditto, 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., to 5s.
Linen Collars, 3½d., 5½d., to 7½d.
Ties, Pocket Hankerchiefs, &c., all largely reduced.

GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

20 dozen Shirts, size 15½, 2s. 6d., worth 3s. 11d.
Plain and Fancy Shirts, to 10s. 6d.
Linen Inserting and other Fronts, 5½d. to 10s. 6d.
Fancy Ties, at nominal prices.

FLANNEL DEPARTMENT.

Lancashire, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., to 1s. 11d.
Welsh, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d.
Imitation, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d.
Saxony, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., to 8s.

CALICO DEPARTMENT.

200 Pieces 36-inch Longcloth		3½d.
50 Pieces	ditto	3½d.
50 Pieces	ditto	5d.
70 Pieces	ditto	5½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	8½d.
10 Pieces Twill	ditto	6½d.

32-inch Longcloth in proportion.

CALICO DEPARTMENT—*Continued.*

50 Pieces Haircord Muslin		5½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	8½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	10½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 3d.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.
5 Pieces Fancy Satin Stripe		8½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	10½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 3d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.

Soft Cords, 1s. 4d. to 2s. 6d.

50 Pieces ⅞ Linen Lawns		8½d.
50 Pieces	ditto	10½d.
20 Pieces	ditto	1s.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 3d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.
20 Pieces	ditto	1s. 11d. to 3s.
50 Pieces Nainsook		4½d.
40 Pieces ditto		6½d.
40 Pieces ditto		8½d.
10 Pieces ditto		1s.
10 Pieces ditto		1s. 4d.
10 Pieces ditto		1s. 6d.
10 Pieces ditto		1s. 10d.
15 Pieces ditto, various, to		3s.
10 Pieces Nursery Diapers		4½d.
10 Pieces ditto		5½d.
10 Pieces ditto		7½d.
5 Pieces ditto		8½d.
5 Pieces ditto		10½d.
5 Pieces ditto		1s.
5 Pieces ditto		1s. 4d.
Napkins ready for use		7s. 11d. to 21s. doz.
10 Dozen Towels		5½d.
10 Dozen ditto		7½d.
10 Dozen ditto		10½d.
5 Pieces Bird-eye Diapers		1s.
5 Pieces ditto		1s. 3d.
5 Pieces ditto		1s. 6d.
5 Pieces ditto		2s.
5 Pieces ditto		2s. 6d. to 2s. 9d.

FANCY DEPARTMENT.

Several Hundred Yards Real Thread Edge, 3d., 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., and 10½d.
Several Hundred Yards Lace, 4½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 5s. 6d.
Several Hundred Yards Real Valenciennes, 5½d., 6½d., 7½d., 8½d., to 2s. 6d.
Real Maltese Collars, 11½d., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto, Cluny, 7½d., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto, ditto, 10½d., worth 1s. 9d.
Real Coifs, real Berthas, real Handkerchiefs, &c., very much reduced.
Honiton Collars, Berthas, Laces, price will astonish.
Several hundred pounds' worth of Imitation Cluny Laces, at nominal prices.
Black Falls, Pellerines, Jackets, Berthas, &c.

SEWED MUSLINS.

18 Dozen Muslin Tie Handkerchiefs ..... 8½d.
50 Dozen Muslin Ties ..... 9½d.
A very large Assortment of Garibaldi Jackets from 1s. to 25s. Purchased very cheap.
About 15 Dozens Muslin Chemisettes, nicely worked, 11½d. to 15s. Bodices, Muslin Crossovers, all new this season.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS.

40 Dozen	11½d.	half-dozen.
50 Dozen	1s. 2½d.	,,
50 Dozen	1s. 4½d.	,,
50 Dozen	1s. 6½d.	,,
50 Dozen	1s. 9d.	,,
50 Dozen	2s.	,,
and so on to	9s.	,,
Ready hemmed	1s. 1½d. to 9s.	,,
Hem stitched	4½d. to 5s. each.	

Sewed Edgings, Scollops, and Insertions, amounting to upwards of £2,000.

The proprietor finds that he must bring this advertisement to a close, there being enough in this wonderful stock to fill all the columns of a newspaper. Other particulars will be given during the progress of this sale.

SMOKE IN WINTER.

[BY HENRY D. THOREAU.]

The sluggish smoke curls up from some deep dell,
The stiffened air exploring in the dawn,
And making slow acquaintance with the day,
Delaying now upon its heavenward course,
In wreathed loiterings dallying with itself,
With as uncertain purpose and slow deed
As its half-awakened master by the hearth,
Whose mind, still slumbering, and sluggish thoughts
Have not yet swept into the onward current
Of the new day;—and now it streams afar,
The while the chopper goes with step direct,
The mind intent to wield the early axe.

First in the dusky dawn he sends abroad
His early scout, his emissary, smoke,
The earliest, latest pilgrim from his roof,
To feel the frosty air, inform the day;
And, while he crouches still beside the hearth,
Nor musters courage to unbar the door,
It has gone down the glen with the light wind,
And o'er the plain unfurled its venturous wreath,
Draped the tree-tops, loitered upon the hill,
And warmed the pinions of the early bird;
And now, perchance, high in the crispy air,
Has caught sight of the lay o'er the earth's edge,
And greets its master's eye at his low door,
As some refulgent cloud in the upper sky.

CLASSICAL CHAMBER MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPHINX."]

SIR,—The opportunities of hearing classical chamber concerts in Manchester have been very few, but they are evidently on the increase, and the musical public have received them with great favour. This class of music has been as successful as any at the concert hall this season, and upon the *few* occasions at Mr. Hallé's concerts; and why Mr. Hallé does not give more scope to the individual talents of his band in chamber music, when it is comprised of such executants as Messrs. Carrodus, Wiener, Vieuxtemps, Bœtus, Grosse, Lavigne, and De Jong, one cannot imagine. Chamber music has had a trial or two in the suburbs, where, too, it has been successful, notably so at Mr. Robberd's concert last week, at the Longsight Literary Institute. At the chamber concert, in the Free Trade Hall, on Tuesday evening, the music was so well received, and the audience so large and enthusiastic, that you might have fancied for the moment you were in musical Germany instead of cottonopolis. Joachim was the star of the evening, and the way he played his solo, and how Madame Schumann and Signor Piatti joined him in that lovely trio of Beethoven's (Op. 70, No. 2), and how the vast audience applauded each movement, especially the allegretto, and the brilliant finale, was something to remember and feel proud of. It was very late when this fine work was commenced, and, what was rather remarkable, few left the hall until the last movement ceased. A second chamber concert is announced for February 23rd, by the same executants *and* Mr. Charles Hallé. It is to be hoped, too, that we may hear some more chamber music in the remaining six concerts of Mr. Hallé's present series. He has not tried the experiment yet this season, and I think he should give his Free Trade Hall supporters one opportunity, at least, before the season closes.—Yours,

* * *

THE USES OF VANITY.

THE Pacha rested by the fountain, the flowing waters of which made an oasis in the desert. His horse and his camel cropped with delight the green herbage near the fountain. Their shadows lay strongly and darkly upon the grass.

"How beautiful," said the horse, "is that dark form which moves as I move; what grace, what symmetry it shows! I can hardly eat for looking at it."

"It is well enough," said the camel, "but look at this one which moves with me. It has all the symmetry and grace of the other; and then, too, it has that pretty little hump on its back."

A dervish passing by, who knew the language of all the beasts, exclaimed: "How good is Allah, who gives to every creature its due share of vanity, so that defects seem to their owners especial beauties and merits!"

DEATH OF MISS NELLY MOORE.

[FROM THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."]

THE announcement of the decease of this youthful actress, who had scarcely attained her twenty-fourth year, will be received with a feeling of the deepest sorrow by all who have admired her talents on the stage, and who have known how they were adorned in private life by every quality which could secure esteem. Miss Nelly Moore expired on Friday evening at her residence, Soho-square, after an attack of typhoid fever. Her career, which gave every promise of her attaining even a higher degree of excellence than that which had already won the admiration of the playgoing public, is to be dated from the autumn of 1859, when she appeared in a slight comedietta, at the St. James's Theatre. The freshness of her style and the simplicity of her manner soon attracted attention, and her advancement was rapid. Engaged at the Haymarket, her performance of Ada, in the comedy of *David Garrick*, raised her at once to a prominent position, and from that period her remarkable intelligence and natural expression found frequent and earnest recognition. As the heroine of Mr. Byron's drama of *The Lancashire Lass*, Miss Nelly Moore was last beheld by the public at the Queen's Theatre; and it was whilst fulfilling this engagement that the young actress, in the early part of last December, was seized with the illness which has thus abruptly ended a bright career, and prematurely closed a blameless life.

[FROM THE "MANCHESTER EXAMINER."]

It is with unaffected regret that the Manchester theatre-going public will hear of the death of this pleasing and accomplished young actress. In the early part of last December, Miss Moore, who was at that time playing at the Queen's Theatre, London, in Mr. Byron's drama, *The Lancashire Lass*, took a severe cold, followed by fever of an aggravated type, to the effects of which she succumbed on Friday evening, at her residence, Soho-square. A niece of Mr. Alfred Mellon's, she began her professional career in the autumn of 1859, appearing in a comedietta, at the St. James's Theatre, with conspicuous success. She subsequently obtained engagements at the Haymarket, the Strand, and the Olympic, and on each successive appearance her engaging manner and undoubted ability secured for her an increasing amount of public favour. Miss Nelly Moore made her *debût* at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, in December, 1862, in the pantomime *The House that Jack Built*. She was then but eighteen years of age, and her sister, Miss Louisa Moore, also engaged on that occasion, was scarcely fifteen. Both of these interesting young ladies became great favourites, and their engagement continued until March, 1864. Miss Moore's next appearance in Manchester was at Easter, 1867, when she played Nelly in *Lost in London*, at the Prince's, with Mr. Ryder and Mrs. F. B. Egan. She fulfilled a second engagement at the same theatre with Mr. W Farren, in October of the same year, playing Lady Teazle, Miss Hardcastle, Letitia Hardy in the *The Belle's Stratagem*, Jessie Oatland in *Cure for the Heartache*, and Maude Beaumont in Gilbert A'Beckett's popular piece, *Not Guilty*. Miss Moore was in her 25th year.

MEMENTOES OF THE BURNS' CELEBRATIONS.

THE one hundred and tenth anniversary of Robert Burns's birthday was celebrated throughout Scotland, and partially throughout England, on Monday last. Some of the mementoes of these gatherings are worthy of preservation in the columns of the *Sphinx*.

At the meeting of the Tyneside Burns' Club in Newcastle, a prominent position in front of the chairman was accorded to the famous punch-bowl in which

> Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
> And Rab and Allen cam to pree.

This relic is now in the possession of Mr. A. Brown, Hood-street, Newcastle, a gentleman who is married to one of the daughters of "Willie Nichol," in whose house in Dumfriesshire the scene described in Burns' song was enacted.

At the Edinburgh Burns' Club dinner, Professor Masson related the circumstances under which Burns and Sir Walter Scott had their only meeting in Edinburgh, at the house of Professor Ferguson. It was told of Burns that in looking about the room he fell upon a print representing a soldier lying dead among the snow, on the one side of him being his dog, miserable over his master's death, and on the other side the soldier's wife with her babe in her arms. There were some lines written under the print which described the scene, and Burns read the lines aloud, and was so struck with them that he shed tears, and asked the people about him "What poet are these lines from?" No one could answer except the fair-haired boy (Scott), who was a great reader, and whispered the name into the ear of Burns. And Burns, looking into the boy's face, said, "You'll be a man yet, Sir!"

At the meeting of the Dumfries Burns' Club, the secretary read the following unpublished letter, addressed by the poet, while an exciseman, to a Mr. Findlater:—

"Dear Sir,—I am both much surprised and vexed at that accident of Lorimer's stock. The last survey I made prior to Mr. Lorimer's going to Edinr. I was very particular in my inspection and the quantity was certainly in his possession as I stated it. The surveys I made during his absence might as well have been marked "key *absent*," as I never found any body but the lady, who I know is not mistress of keys, &c., to know anything of it, and one of the times it would have rejoiced all Hell to have seen her so drunk. I have not surveyed there since his return. I know the gentleman's ways are, like the grace of G—, past all comprehension; but I shall give the house a severe scrutiny to-morrow morning, and send you in the naked facts. I know, Sir, and regret deeply, that this business glances with a malign aspect on my character as an Officer; but as I am really innocent in the affair, and as the gentleman is known to be an illicit Dealer, and particularly as this is the *single* instance of the least shadow of careless-

ness or impropriety in my conduct as an Officer, I shall be peculiarly unfortunate if my character shall fall a sacrifice to the dark manœuvres of a smuggler.—I am, Sir, you obliged and obedient humble servt.,

"Sunday even: "ROBT. BURNS.

"I send you some rhymes I have just finished which tickle my fancy a little."

THF FIRST SNOW-FALL.

[FROM LOWEL'S NEW POEMS.]

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little headstone stood,
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scaur of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

A THEATRICAL HEROINE.

THE following extract from *Lloyd's News*—besides being a neat editorial feat—is so honourable to the lady mentioned as to deserve remark:—

"THE AMENITIES OF THE DRAMA."—The *Leader* relates the following anecdote:—"This damp, unseasonable weather makes people bellicose as well as moody. The other evening meteorological influences broke out strongly at a west-end theatre, presided over by a Perfect Lady. In the course of the performance, the Perfect Lady, who apparently gauged the audience by the standard of the *Saturday Review*, lifted her dress so as to reveal enough of ankle supposed by the reviewer to constitute the fashionable attraction of modern society. To her amazement, the stalls, instead of applauding, hissed. Still worse, a principal actress of the Perfect Lady's troupe told her plump in the greenroom that if she did that again she—the actress—would leave the company. This was not to be borne: so the Perfect Lady not only repeated the graceful pantomime, but attempted to pull the actress's nose. The result is a secession, duly announced by the protesting actress. Such are the amenities of the drama."

MISS SIMPSON announces her secession from the St. James's Theatre, London.

WALES IN WINTER.

IF our pedestrian start either at the beginning of his Christmas or Easter holidays from Conway upwards, he will soon discover how false is the notion that Wales is beautiful in summer only. Towards the sea stretches the bay; on one side of it the grand mountains at the seaward end of the Snowdonian range, closed in by Penmaenmawr; at the other side the line of coast terminated by the Great Orme's Head. Inland runs the broad stream of the Conway over wide flats and shallows covered with wild duck and waterfowl. The road from Conway on the left bank of the river is extremely beautiful. The centre of the mountains above the valley is the peak of Carnedd Llewellyn, from whence slope down many smaller vales, each with a lake at its head, which sends down its waters to the Conway. To reach the summit of Carnedd Llewellyn, except in summer, would be a work of great difficulty, but there are several lovely valleys leading up from the main road at Trefriw, which are especially beautiful in winter and spring. Those which contain Llyn Geirymydd and Llyn Crafnant are unsurpassed in the whole of Wales. On a bright, clear winter day the walk from Trefriw to the former lake, and over the hill to Crafnant, is most charming:—the brown heather and fern, showing through the snow on the hill sides, make the most striking contrast to the blue sky above and the dark waters of the lake beneath. There is a mountain road from Gwydir Castle, just beyond Trefriw and above Llanrwst, leading to Capel Curig, which gives the most lovely views of Welsh hill scenery, showing the peaks of Snowdon, the elegant cone of Moel Siabod, the triple head of the Trifaen, and the range of Carnedd David and Carnedd Llewellyn stretching away seaward. Bettws-y-Coed is probably well-known to most Englishmen. They would appreciate the beauties of its rocks and waterfalls far more fully if they saw them in winter, when the rocks stand out clear against the snow and sky, and the waterfalls are filled with the dark green rush of the Conway, the Lledr, and the Llugwy. In summer they see them only when the coach "stops for ten minutes (as per advertisement) to give passengers time to view the waterfalls." Such circumstances may well test the strongest imagination, especially if it be a dry season. From Bettws the character of the scenery changes. Whether you ascend the valley of the Lledr to Ffestiniog or that of the Llugwy to Capel Curig, it becomes wilder and more grand. But the best way to understand and love the country is not to stick to the beaten paths, and to see it not only when it is dry and dusty and overrun with tourists in the summer, but when it is freshened by the snows of winter or the green of spring. Though the fishing-rod be then useless, the duck-gun on the Conway, and the breech-loader for the woodcock in the hills, will give plenty of exercise, and a certainty of seeing nature under such advantages as the Chester and Holyhead road alone will not allow. Comparison is more than ever odious in speaking of scenery. The man who spoils your pleasures on Ben Lomond or Cader Idris by talking of Schreckhorns and Wetterhorns is a snob. But we venture to say that Wales in winter will give as much real enjoyment to any one who can use his eyes and use his legs also, as he can find anywhere else in the world.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the *Sphinx* Office, 14, Market Place, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

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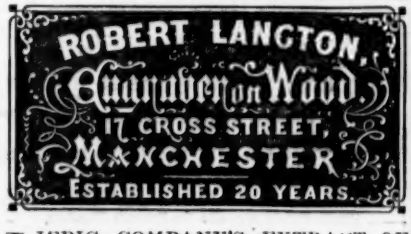

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J. P. WESTON, Manager.

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